To finde thy brother *Baſtianus* dead.
Saturnin. My brother dead, I know thou doſt but ieſt,
He and his Lady both are at the Lodge,
Vpon the north ſide of this pleaſant chaſe,
Tis not an houre ſince I left him there.
Mart. We know not where you left them all aliue,
But out alas, heere haue we found him dead.
Enter Tamora, Andronicus and Lucius.
Tamora. Where is my Lord the King?
King. Here *Tamora*, though grieud with killing griefe.
Tamora. Where is thy brother *Baſtianus*?
King. Now to the bottome doſt thou ſearch my wound,
Poore *Baſtianus* heere lies murthered.
Tamora. Then all too late I bring this fatal writ,
The complot of this timeles Tragedie,
And wonder greatly that mans face can fold,
In pleaſing ſmiles ſuch murderous tyrannie.
She gineth Saturnine a Letter.

Saturninus reads the Letter.
And if we miſſe to meete him hanſomely,
Sweet huntſman Baſſianus *tis we meane,*
Doe thou ſo much as dig the graue for him,
Thou knowſt our meaning, looke for thy reward.
Among the nettles at the Elder tree,
Which ouer-ſhades the mouth of that ſame pit,
Where we decreed to bury Baſſianus,
Doe this and purchaſe vs thy laſting friends.

King. Oh *Tamora* was euer heard the like?
This is the pit, and this the elder tree,
Looke ſirs if you can finde the huntſman out,
That ſhould haue murthered *Baſſianus* heere.
Aron. My gracious Lord heere is the bag of gold.

King

King. Two of thy whelpes, fell curs of bloody kinde,
Haue heere bereft my brother of his life:
Sirs drag them from the pit vnto the priſon,
There let them bide vntill we haue deuiſd
Some neuer heard-of tortering paine for them.
Tamora. What are they in this pit, oh wondrous thing!
How eaſily murder is diſcouered?
Titus. High Emperour vpon my feeble knee,
I beg this boone, with teares not lightly ſhed,
That this fell fault of my accurſed ſonnes,
Accurſed, if the faules be prou'd in them.
King. If it be prou'de! you ſee it is apparant,
Who found this letter, *Tamora* was it you?
Tamora. *Andronicus* himſelfe did take it vp.
Titus. I did my Lord, yet let me be their baile,
For by my Fathers reuerent tombe I vow
They ſhall be ready at your Highnes will,
To aunſwere their ſuſpition with their liues.
King. Thou ſhalt not baile them, ſee thou follow me.
Some bring the murthered body, ſome the murtherers,
Let them not ſpeake a word, the guilt is plaine,
For by my ſoule, were there worſe end then death,
That end vpon them ſhould be executed.
Tamora. *Andronicus* I wil entreat the King,
Feare not thy ſonnes, they ſhall do well enough.
Titus. Come *Lucius* come, ſtay not to talke with them.
Enter the Empreſſe ſonnes, with Lauinia, her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, and rauiſht.
Demet. So now goe tell and if thy tongue can ſpeake,
Who twas that cut thy tongue and rauiſht thee.
Chiron. Write downe thy minde, bewray thy meaning ſo,
And if thy ſtumpes will let thee play the ſcribe.
Demet. See how with ſignes and tokens ſhe can ſcrowle.
Chiron. Goe home, call for ſweet water, waſh thy hands.